[May 10-1907]

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet.

I can be free all day
on Monday. Lunch or tea? —
Let me know. It isn't the
Opera after all on Monday.
However, I am having Walter
Headlam, & I think that should
be a private interview. I saw
him at Cambridge last week,
& found him 'changed & altered'
as many Cholomely would say:
he had never got my letter
& thought me fickle & cold & treacherous

But we made it up – a subtle phrase
secret & ambiguous: know d'you
think we made it up?
I have just begun to do the drawing
room books. It needs immense
determination. All the volumes are
lost, or upstairs & downstairs, &
they must be heeded & separated,
like the Sparrows whom God &
cants. It is a hot
afternoon, & I wish I were basking
in the back seat of the carriage,
driving to Eleusis. I heard a
mystic story about Eleusis from
Mrs Casa the other day: how
all the fields are covered with
flowers in the evening, as for drive

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

May 10th 1907

back, & more are none at midday.
I trust I shall have double windows
as a safety. I can't quite get
used to the heat. Here is a review, which was
originally long & vigorous; the
Times has cut it down & famed it.
I wanted to scourge that flimsy
Lady the Baroness Orczy's
it is chatter & trash. I have
reviewed a novel called
The Glen o' weeping, damned it, &
now all the other reviewers are
declaiming, & there is a 2nd
edition.

How did you enjoy the
Bath?

EVB

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

May 1907

My Violet

Do come to lunch on
Monday. We shall
be just back from Hampton
Court. Raped & Corrugated, I
daresay, but yr. [illegible] rough
skin.

O why do I ever let any
one read what I write!
Everytime I have to go through
a breakfast with a letter 7
criticism I swear I will
write for my own praise

Blame in future. It is a
mercy.

The Quaker is really a woman
with a stupendous belief in
human nature: I must have
a washstand turn the
drawing room into bed room,
a frank interview each day,
long to hear mild optimism
a weak interest - a criticism
too - why don't I work harder? -
Is it worth it, I ask you?
We are trying to choose curtains,
I have ordered myself some
double windows. But
what's the use of windows when
there's no plant to [redacted] fasten?

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Snow is staying at Gordon Square
Everybody's picture here been
accepted for the Friday Club.
Even Mary Creighton is to
exhibit - the world wags
four separate pairs & then.
There is no more news from
this, except that the opera
night at the Opera I
looked up & saw Katie in
the middle of the Royal
Box; & oh the house looked
pale & stunted, & she bloomed
like a Rose - You will know

the kind: but whether it was
imagination & hope, I never saw
such a beautiful woman, sitting
over legal arm chairs; & I
leaving barely take some shaken a
few partners; the style opening
for that afternoon only. Now had
she been a ragged beggar at a
street corner, & I a poet,
a patch work shawl, I
would have crowned & shackled,
I am going to write a book upon
the aesthetic sense in Violet &
Kelly.

Yes sir, I went affection!
And mine Brightons tomorrow:
intelligent questions when I ask
for tea, & a high standard of
family life! Mrs Walker
Headlam has just sent me a poem.

L.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

June 3rd. 1907.

My Violet.

This is rather a nice letter, isn't it? You see I have to give a few natural echos of my praises. Send it back, because I want to flaunt it in the Quakers face.

We had a delicate visit; at least she writes that she is thankful for my love & friendship.

How you coming up again

& if so — wch. I want ask for
more. Julia has many Hallo
are open, postmen waiting, —
dadies & Empire builders expectant.
Dodd, a little new English Club
artist, half drunk, & ecstatic
wishes to paint my portrait-
& I am to sit in the afternoon
from 2 to 4.30. Alone?
Kelly & I have had a spirited
correspondence. "Violet says you
make me vulger." "O you
damned Woman of title & fashion!
So on, & so on. I am sparing
to [illegible] with her. I told
her yes & she & Kitty thinking me,
as being moving in a higher
world, with voices like the

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Ripple of Arcadian streams.

I had a happy day yesterday,
talking to Nessa, now that
Snow has gone. After all,
she might marry 20 times
& still be the most delightful
creature in the world.
And I like her better two;
I must have imposed. They
are beginning to accept
invitations, & give little parties.
She overflows in all ways.

Here is a nice letter, 2
whole sheets. So write.

Adrian has passed his final,
& is called to the Bar tomorrow.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Thursday. June 1907

My Violet

Why don't you write to me? I might be dead in Messina, or buggaten in Florence or ravished, or prostitute or in love, or pregnant, & you would not know or care. It is always the part of the older woman to write. However, I feel amazingly old. What has

NTPL

You been raving? Stew are you!
Last time we met was in
that Lumptacious Jewenes room,
when everything was like an
illusion. Do you
remember that curious
Episode on the Imperic Sofa,
when She played Brahms or
Schumann to us, & all
her back?

We had a very lazy time in
Florence. There were Squalls
at the street corner - Squalls

of weather I mean. We saw Regia
& Mrs. Ross; both & they both
disappointed me. It is very
difficult to take up a friendship
again. I am now writing about
Mrs. Carlyle; & wish you would
write & encourage me. Every
other night I look into the middle
box on the pit tier, & see
Beatrice, black & red resting an
imperious fist on the ledge. She
looks as though she was ruling
modern Society; like a Roman
Empress, with a drop Tartar
of Jew; having twice shot through
Welwyn lately, & seen you
yellow road. Blood. I often think
Can I do anything

for you? as Aunt Mary would say. October is slowly growing into fine days. It is like sitting beneath an Arum lily, with a thick golden bar in the middle, dropping pollen, whatever that is which seduces the male bee. Jena has a picture in the new English, of all the fruits are ripening.

Do write, my Violet. You would scarcely believe how fond I am of you.

Yours

Yf.

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

I was on the point of writing you a long letter – 20 sheets each numbered, perhaps translated with tape – when yours came. I was going to ask whether I could come down & see you.

I can't come on Wednesday

unluckily, as Kelly is coming
here - I can come on
Thursday, Friday or Saturday.

NYPL

I have been spending
Sunday at Cambridge
with Nina - Clive now
with the Quakers

LOS.